HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Picturesque Institutions of Gotham Eliminated

NEW YORK.—A picturesque bit of New York life is being eliminated pretty rapidly by that industrious young woman, Mrs. "Katie" Davis, our new commissioner of corrections. She threw up her hands in horror at the hoary old custom she found in our famous bastile, proceeded to get a new broom and made a clean sweep. She has even dared to squelch the insidious evil of the woman charity worker, which is still in great vogue at Sing Sing.

Why, it's come to such a pass that it's almost impossible to pass a "shot o' hop" to a friend temporarily detained.

A young woman called to see her husband, accused of petit larceny. She submitted to a search of her person. This has been the rule always, of course, but the Davis search wasn't like the traditional style. Miss Davis' underling went so far that the young woman became very nervous. The searcher became more curious, and especially interested in a pretty little hat pin. It had a long, black, shiny head. And the pin was rudely drawn from the hat. It was hollow, in fact, had once served as the cap of a fountain pen. White cotton was packed inside and the core was a quantity of white powder. "About four grains of morphine," said Dr. Lichtenstein, the Tombs physician. So the young woman was soon occupying a cell near her husband.

The "morbidity parties" are a thing of the past, too. These sight-seeing expeditions have become a special joy to New Jersey commuters. In fact, there are rumors that certain railroads have run special excursions that ruralites might be "uplifted" by a vision of some of the famous Tombs residents. A walk over the Bridge of Sighs brought thrills to the New Jersey heart.

The death knell of the wine champagne affairs indulged in freely by the more wealthy occupants of cells has been sounded, also. No prisoner is allowed to purchase more than 25 cents' worth of food at one time.

Another famous institution has passed in the rude closing up a Tom Sharkey's cafe. Alas, alas, and once more alas. Here I will shed a real tear. Tom's place was certainly much better than most of the rest in his neighborhood, and there are dark rumors about the genesis of the affair.

But Tom was declared out of order by a city magistrate and sent to the Tombs for 30 days, where he distinguished himself by shoveling more snow out of the courtyard than any other man there, and made himself still more famous by getting a greater amount of work out of the prisoners than any other man since Hendrik Hudson threw the first drunken redskin into a stockade and forced him to roll cigars for the colony. Tom was going to punch any guy who didn't keep his shovel going.

But while Tom added to his laurels in the Tombs his famous $10,000 mahogany bar was going, going, gone for $250.

Conductor Tells of Troubles With Passengers

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"Yes," said the street car conductor, growing communicative after an altercation with a passenger about a transfer of ancient vintage, "this here job's a cinch—you oughta try it. In this business you learn things about folks, you do. For instance, t'other day a sorry-lookin' old party wanted to ride free with me because he hadn't the price of a fare and he was too old and sick to walk, but I'd seen him before and I said 'nixie.' I thought the men on the back platform would put me off, the way they went at me and the company and everybody connected for a soulless bunch, and at last one man tried to make me ashamed by coughing up a nickel. The old man was grateful to him and went in and picked out the choice seat in front where he could put his two feet on the other seat.

"Says I to the nickel giver, 'You think I'm a cigar sign for heart, but if you want to get wise just drop off when the vener'ble gent does and be a sleuth. If everything's all right report the next time you ride with me and I'll give you this nickel back.'

"Well, that got him curious like, and he did it, and some time later I happened to pick him up again, and the first thing he pushed me out a cigar. 'Say, pardner, you were right about that old guy,' he said. 'What did he do but beat it for the nearest booze joint and load up with a good stiff 'un, and then carry off a pint of red juice, and he didn't ask the barkeep to give it to him neither.'

"A girl one day handed me a transfer. It was punched for the wrong day, the wrong hour and the wrong line, but she crossed her heart and said she'd just got it, so I let it go, 'cause, of course, you can't set a little kid girl out on the curb. At the end of the line I noticed she was having trouble with her mind and she says, 'Say, mister, I wasn't telling you no story about that transfer. I did just get it. I just got it off the pavement. I ain't got a cent now, but I'm goin' to bring you the nickel I owe you.' 'All right, sissy,' I said, and thought no more of it, 'cause folks don't usually fetch nickels when they once get away, but a day or two after that, when I came to the end, there was my girl waiting, all shriveled up with cold, and with my nickel tucked in her mitten. Say, I just felt like I wanted to wait for that girl and marry her by and by."

Shooting Follows the Loss of One Cigarette

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A quarrel over a cigarette resulted in two men being shot and a sixteen-year-old boy charged with the shooting early the other morning. Gust Ewert, eighteen years old, 592 Madison street, was shot in the left breast, the bullet striking directly over the heart.

Albert Schmidt, twenty years old, 560 Sixteenth avenue, received a bullet behind the right ear. Vincent Walsh, sixteen years old, who, according to the police, did the shooting, was held over on a warrant charging him with assault.

After the shooting, which occurred at Ninth and National avenues shortly after three o'clock, Ewert was taken to the residence of Dr. Harry S. Pigins. An examination disclosed that the bullet, which was steel tipped, had lodged half an inch beneath the surface of the skin in the chest wall.

Schmidt's examination at Emergency hospital by Dr. Scheele showed that the bullet had struck the mastoid bone of the skull just behind the left ear. It plowed through the hard shell and into the soft cellular recesses of the bone and thence ran into the ear, from where it was easily extracted.

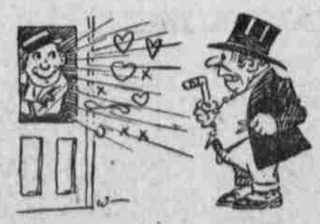
The story told by the three concerned was identical in that the shooting resulted from the theft of a cigarette from Walsh's mouth.

Ewert, Schmidt and several other young men passed Walsh on the street. One of the two victims snatched Walsh's cigarette from his mouth.

The lad drew a revolver from his pocket and fired three times, it is said. Two bullets found marks.

No More "Spooning" Via This Bank's Telephone

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Cupid was blocking the right of way of Mammon, so the doors of the public telephone booths in the National Bank of Commerce were removed. When the bank building was erected special booths were constructed on both sides of the Olive street entrance. They had large glass doors and were sound proof. They were meant for the use of persons who had confidential communications for their financial agents.



Courting couples took possession of the marble-lined, glass-doored, sound-proof booths. Famous financiers, with large interests in stock and bonds, would seek instant communication with their brokers.

They might be on the "bull" side of a falling market. Every moment meant the loss or gain of thousands of dollars.

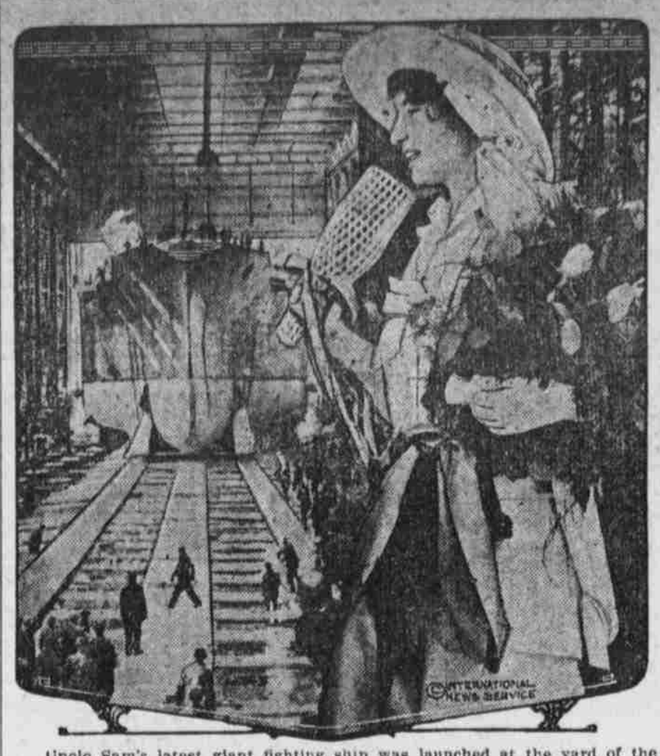
Vainly the men of Mammon walked nervously up and down the tessalated corridor of the bank, or pounded at the glass doors. Love laughed at bankers even more uproariously than it laughs at locksmiths.

W. B. Cowen, vice-president of the bank, said that no doubt it was true that "love makes the world go round."

"But love clogs the wheels of business," said Mr. Cowen, "so we had to take the doors off the booths.

"Now the boys and girls do not take up much time exchanging soft nothings and a poor banker can get a chance to make himself some money by putting through a deal by phone once in a while."

LAUNCHING OF DREADNAUGHT OKLAHOMA

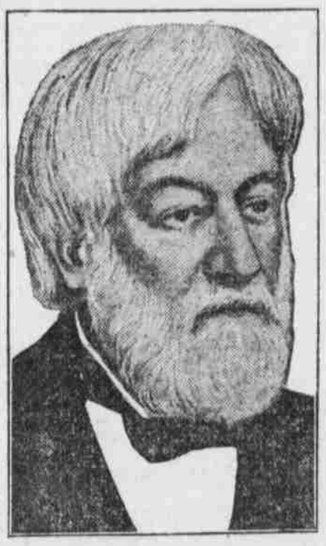


Uncle Sam's latest giant fighting ship was launched at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding company at Camden, N. J., March 23. Miss Lorena J. Cruce, daughter of the governor of Oklahoma, is shown in the picture just before she sent the dreadnaught down the ways by smashing a bottle of champagne across the bow.

PASSING OF ONE-TIME CHILD-WIFE RECALLS CAREER OF CASSIUS M. CLAY

Strange Marriage of Aristocratic, Fire Eating Southern Abolitionist at Age of Ninety and Dora Richardson, the Thirteen-Year-Old Child of a Poor White Family, a Union That Caused a Siege at Clay Mansion.

Louisville, Ky.—It is more than ten years now since the name of Gen. Cassius M. Clay figured in the day's dispatches from Kentucky. We used to read of him in 1903 as an old man with a bushy white mane in a state of siege at his family mansion near Richmond, Ky., with faithful retainers, armed with guns, defending the



Gen. Cassius M. Clay.

besieged house against attacks by process servers and the curious public.

The name is only recalled to mind now by the dispatch the other day announcing the death of Dora Richardson, the erstwhile child wife of the aged warrior and statesman.

It was one of the strangest romances in history, that strange affinity between the old man, the aristocrat, scholar, diplomat and soldier, the scion of one of the proudest lines in America and the little, untutored, unkempt girl of a poor white family. He was ninety, she was thirteen. He was old enough to be her great-grandfather, yet he married her.

It was the old man's dream to take the untaught child, accustom her to the ways of culture, educate her, make her a fitting heir for his name and estate. He carried out his part of the plan, but the poor child could never accustom herself to her unusual surroundings. After she tired of the dolls and the other toys he bought her she pined for her own folks and, when he saw it was inevitable, Gen. Clay yielded gracefully, dowering her with some of the precious heirlooms of the Clay family and giving her a house. The girl, in turn, having married Riley Brock, a youth of her own station and age, named her first born Clay Brock.

And now her little day of fame is ended. Death has closed the most unusual romance of the old Blue Grass state. Finis is written. Gen. Clay was all but forgotten prior to 1903 when his marriage to the slip of a girl brought once more into prominence the hero of a departed age. Now he will recede into history.

The events growing out of that marriage, the beleaguered state of his house, the opposition of his children, the sensations that developed were but recrudescences of the old time bellicose nature of the man who fought with pen or bowie knife or tongue with equal facility. It was because he was a fighting man that the marriage with the child wife and the reluctance to be interviewed on the subject attracted attention.

Those were the days when faithful servitors of the old aristocrat guarded every approach to White Hall, the manor house of his estate at Richmond, Ky., with loaded guns; when the house itself was in a state of siege, guns bristling from its windows and sentries keeping incessant watch.

That impertinent curiosity of the public regarding his private affairs irritated the old fighter. The bitterness that arose between the doughty old general and his kinsfolk following his strange marriage aroused his animosity. He did not hesitate to fire on a couple of deputies who approached to serve a writ demanding furniture which belonged to his daughters. His Spartan spirit did not hesitate even to threaten to fire at his own son, when the latter would have made peace. He was of an implacable nature.

He was a fighting man born and bred and he died a fighting man, denying entrance to a physician, with his trusty bowie knife near his pillow and his guns within reach. The body of the old man might decay; his spirit nothing could quench.

A flood of memories comes with the mention of the death of the child wife of this fighting Kentuckian, memories that are now beginning to

Dora Richardson, at Thirteen, When She Became Wife of General Clay.

harden into formal history with the passing from the stage of the men who recall the day when the name Clay was a name to conjure with. In the halls of congress, in the secret chambers of diplomacy, on the battlefields of the country a Clay has ever made his influence felt. Ever since the country has been a country there has been a Clay to figure in its history. If there were no controversy to take part in a Clay would start one. And now the last of the family is gone—the last fighting member, for of the descendants of the general there has been none yet to break into print with bellicose threatenings.

To the old general it made little difference whether the fight were with drawn pens, with revolvers, broadswords, fists or guns. But perhaps he liked best the bowie knife. That was a Kentucky defense. Old Colonel Bowie had devised it. The long, keen blade, a certain weapon in the hands of a strong man, it was the common thing among those who resorted to brute strength. No story of hunter or outlaw was complete in the old Nick Carter days without the bowie knife. It is obsolete now, but it was the weapon General Clay knew; when his fingers gripped its hilt his own valor did the rest. He once stood off a dozen men in a hand-to-hand conflict, ripping them to ribbons with his bowie knife and a bowie knife it was that he kept near him as long as breath remained in his body, in that last warm fight with death.

A fight was natural for General Clay. He got his title for leading troops in the Mexican war. He used to say that no man could get political preferment in Kentucky without a military title and that he went to war with that purpose in view. His Mexican campaigning days he endured with distinction.

His main fights, however, were in connection with slavery. He was one of the few southern abolitionists. To what fortuitous circumstance we owe it that he went to Yale college to complete the studies he had begun in Transylvania college does not appear. But he went. And when in New England he was deeply moved by the speeches of that prophet of abolition, William Lloyd Garrison. Champion

General Clay's Mansion.

of an unpopular cause, Garrison became a hero to young Clay. It may have been because the great abolitionist was with bravery putting up a losing fight that the Kentuckian admired him.

At all events when he went back among his Kentucky slave holding friends he went back an ardent abolitionist. Fearless espousal of that cause lost him the re-election to the state legislature in 1841. In '44 he stumped the North with all the impetuosity of his fiery nature for the election of his father's cousin, Henry Clay, to the presidency.

In a barricaded building, more resembling an arsenal than a printing office, in the city of Lexington on Kentucky's slave soil he issued in 1845 The True American, openly advocating anti-slavery.

And all but forgotten was he, had it not been for his strange marriage and his child wife, whose passing the other day revived memories.

DECLARES DOGS SEE SPIRITS

Miss Lind Also Believes That All Animals Have Souls—Comes to Fight Vivisection.

New York.—"You've got to stop kicking my dog around."

The lady is here to make you stop. Miss Louise Lind of Hageby, champion of the anti-vivisectionists, of world-wide fame, arrived on the Lusitania from Liverpool. Miss Lind says that she is far from being opposed to science, but she is violently opposed to cutting up live dogs and other animals for the benefit of science. She says that it is not necessary. Some years ago she had erected in London a monument to "The Little Brown Dog; the Victim of Vivisection."

College students tore down the monument and a few riots followed. But the champion of the little brown dog says that the monument served its purpose in directing attention to the sacrifice of live animals to science.

Miss Lind says that it was a visit to the Pasteur institute in Paris which originated the crusade in aid of the dog and other animals subjected to torture for science. She is on her way to Washington to attend the international Anti-vivisection and Animal Protection Congress.

The friend of the canine is interested in a number of women's movements. She is a suffragette but does not believe in militancy, she says. Militancy, she believes, is as bad as vivisection, in its way.

Miss Lind is also a student of psychic research. She was a friend of the late William T. Stead, who went down on the Titanic. She believes that dogs and other animals have immortal souls as well as human beings.

"It is just as reasonable," said the lady, "to admit that animals have immortal souls as that we have. I believe that dogs may see spirits. We often see exhibits of a high order of intelligence in animals. How often have you observed a dog lying at your side suddenly rise, with his hair bristling and a strange look in his eyes? He sees something which you cannot see."

DYING BOY'S WISH GRANTED

Washington Youth, With Incurable Heart Trouble, Sees President Wilson at White House.

Washington.—A nine-year-old boy, dying of heart trouble, was brought to the White House to have his desire to see and be smiled upon by the president of the United States granted. He is Harry Winthrop Davis, son of Mrs. A. L. Davis of Sewickley, Pa. The boy has had incurable heart trouble for years, and is now being taken to Atlantic City, where there is a chance that he may live a few weeks longer. He was taken to the White House in an ambulance and was brought into the blue room on a cot, where the president and Mrs. Wilson greeted him. The president made the boy happy by presenting him with a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

Husband Called Her "Cave Woman."

Hoboken, N. J.—Because her husband called her an "ignorant mutt" and a "cave woman" when she objected to his singing, Mrs. Charles Albers seeks a separation.

Roosevelt's Works Bring 30 Cents.

New York.—Six volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's works were sold at auction for 30 cents at the defunct Union League club, Brooklyn.

Continues Ban Against Autos.

Mount Desert, Me.—By a vote of 351 to 58 this town decided to continue the ban against automobiles which began last summer.

BEAUTIFUL MAID MARY

By HARMONY WELLER.

Mary Perkins did not answer the advertisement for a maid out of a spirit of adventure. On the contrary, she was in absolute need of employment in order to make both ends of her financial life meet. The embroidery she did was not remunerative enough to pay expenses and Mary had no further business training.

The young author who had advertised had pondered long and deeply before putting forth his need in the newspapers, yet there was no alternative. He must have some one to look after his home and he was old-fashioned enough to feel that a woman and not a man should do it.

When he answered Mary Perkins' ring at the door bell Everly hoped it would be an applicant waiting there.

The girl standing outside was slight. Her hair was neatly brushed back and her eyes looked curiously large through the thick-lensed glasses she wore. Her skin was of a dull, almost Indian hue.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement for a maid," she said, and Everly opened the door.

His writing den was nearest to the entrance, and thither he led Mary Perkins.

"All that is essential for me is," he said to her, "that you can keep house intelligently—and quietly." He looked at the girl in so helpless a way that Mary was tempted to laugh. "If you could manage in half a day I would much prefer your being here only from ten o'clock until after my dinner in the middle of the day."

"That will suit me," Mary replied.

The arrangement delighted her, because it left her afternoons free to continue her embroidery and thus add to her income.

"Have you had your breakfast as yet?" she questioned, taking the reins within her capable hands.

"I was finishing a story," he said by way of answer.

Mary rose to her feet.

"If you show me my way about the house I will prepare something for you."

And from the very beginning Mary took complete possession of Everly's establishment.

So excellent was Mary's cooking that Everly ventured to suggest one of the dreams of his author's mind. Always, since the beginning of his literary career he had wanted to have editors and publishers dining at his own table.

"That is," thought Everly, "it is easy if Mary will stay and serve dinner." He went forthwith to the door and called her.

When she stood beside him, Everly found his eyes opening a trifle wider than was usual with them. Mary seemed so different, so altogether different from the girl she had been. It took him a moment or so to realize that the thick-lensed glasses had been discarded; that the skin was curiously fair and the hair wonderfully riotous.

"You called me, sir?" Mary suggested.

"I called the old Mary. What have you done to yourself?"

The girl blushed and became suddenly abashed.

"I grew tired of looking so plain," she admitted. "When I applied for the position I was very much in need and I felt certain you would not engage me as a maid if—" she broke off with downcast eyes.

"I most certainly would not!" said Everly with conviction. He sighed a second later and Mary asserted her rights as a successful domestic.

"My fingers have not lost their cunning with the culinary art just because I am less homely than you thought me. I can serve as good a meal and keep your house as clean as I ever did, so why may I not be myself?"

"I am perfectly well aware of all these facts," Everly admitted, "but that does not alter the fact that you are far too lovely, too altogether beautiful to—" he broke off and smiled at the humor of the situation.

"Too beautiful to what?" asked Mary.

"Well—the fact is," admitted Everly, "that it has been the dream of my life to have a home to which I can invite my friends. I wanted, next Saturday night, to give a small dinner party to six men, that is—providing you would have been willing to arrange everything for me."

"And why may I not? I can stay all day Saturday and I will plan and serve a dinner that will make the editors accept every story you send them."

"And have them all vying with each other for your attention when they see you—no, thanks." Because Everly was completely mystified as to his own sudden emotions and quite unable to cope with the situation he turned to his typewriter. That movement had always been Mary's cue to exit.

It was scarcely five minutes before he heard her soft knock on his study door. When she came in he laughed aloud, partly from relief and partly because of his new emotion.

Mary's skin was dark; her heavy glasses were in place, and her hair was severely drawn back.

"How many covers shall I arrange for—for the dinner party, sir?" she questioned.

Everly jumped to his feet, took the glasses from her eyes, dragged the pinioned tendrils of soft gold hair from their captivity and laughed whimsically down into Mary's flushed face.

"I have thought of the only possible way to keep you," he said breathlessly, for things had happened rather suddenly, "you understand,—do you not, dear?"

A moment later Mary looked up.

"But the dinner—I want to serve that."

"I have told you the one condition under which you can preside," Everly said firmly; "either you are here as my wife or not at all. I would have to get a strange girl if you—"

"If I let you—which I will not," Mary whispered softly.